NEWGATE *in* TEARS.

BEING AN

ELEGY

On the much Lamented Death of

RICHARD MURRAY, Head Hangman of *England*;

Who Departed this Life at his late Dwelling Houſe in Tyburn-Road; *on* Saturday *Morning, being the 4th of this Inſtant* December, 1708. *to the great Grief of all the* Collegians *in* Newgate, New-Priſon, *and* Bridewel.

EAch reverend Whore and celebrated Thief
Attend with Mourning at our ſolemn Grief,
Alas! *Murray* the Hangman's realy dead,
And for *P*referment to the D---'s fled,
But if his Soul's as feble as the Fleſh,
He'll ſcarce reach H-- without he is *R*efreſh'd;
With ſomething comforrable by the way,
So for his ſafety thither let us pray,
Hoping when that he's at his Journeys end,
He will (when we do meet him) us befriend.
Thou finiſher of all the Laws, how we
Bewail in Claret thy ſad Deſtiny,
*P*oor *Tyburn* too as ſadly droops his Head,
To hear her noble Champion is Dead.
One who has often fed thy Tripple Jaws,
With Fruit for any Gallows ripe: thy Cauſe
Has often vindicated with a *R*ope,
And for his Bread did put in thee his hope.
Now all ye *R*ogues in *Newgate* and *Bridewell*,
New-Priſon, all your Heavy Sorrows tell,
In Bowls of *P*unch, for ſuch a Friend is loſt,
As to another World for little Coſt
Would ſend us; and leſt we our Cloaths ſhould (ſpoil,
He'd ſtrip us clean, and in a little while,
Our neat *R*elations in *Chick-lane* might ſee,
Our plunder'd *R*elicks of Mortality.
No Highway-man nor Thief but did adore,
Thy Name, and ſo did e'ry common Whore,
*P*oor, honeſt, harmleſs Wretch! he's gone away,
He ſuddenly forſookt this Houſe of Clay,
Who could with *P*leaſure often laugh, to ſee
What Work he made upon the Tripple Tree;
And was impatient too till we depart
The World upon a *L*adder or a Cart.
But ah, when Fortune's to us ſo unkind;
So good a Work-man we ſhall hardly find
As *Murray*, for he could make a Nooſe ſo nice,
That Criminals were Choaked in a trice:
But ſince to Die with Shoes on is their Fate,
Whar argues it to be Diſconſolate
They think; for let who's will be Hangman next,
Haltering and Stripping ſtill will be the Text,
So any Human Butcher a Reward
Will tempt him not to tye the Knot too hard;
Yet *Murray*'s Mem'ry muſt we Celebrate,
The Sherriff's Journeyman, but Robbers Hate;
Yet to the World we muſt ſincerely tell,
No greater —— than *Murray* by Death e'er fell

The EPITAPH.

HEre lies an old Hangman, don't game him,
For whom Death and the D—l did quarrel,
Tho' Death ſeiz'd him firſt, old Nick *he did claim (him,*
And for Advice has Fee'd Counſellor Dernal.
This Dog in a Doublet has been a ſad Liver,
To the laſt a very great Sinner, (Giver
And tho' the Law made him to Thieves a great
Yet his Soul muſt be Diſht up in — for a Dinner

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